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SONG.

BY O. W. HOLMES, OF BOSTON.

A health to dear woman! she bids us en-
twine

From the cup it encircles the fast clinging
vine;

But her cheek in its crystal with pleasure
will glow,

And mirror its blossom in the bright wave
below.

A health to sweet woman! the days are no
more

When she watched for her lord 'till the
revel was o'er,

And smoothed the white pillow, and blushed
when he came,

As she pressed her cold lips on his forehead
of flame.

Alas! for the loved one! too spotless and
fair,

The joys of his banquet to chasten and share;
Her eye lost its light that his goblet might
shine,

And the rose of her cheek was dissolved in
his wine.

Joy smiles in thy fountain, health flows in
the rills,

As their ribbands of silver unwind from
the hills;

They breathe not the mist of the bacchanal's
dream.

But the lilies of innocence float on the
stream.

Then a health and a welcome to woman
once more!

She brings us a passport that laughs at our
door;

It is written on crimson—its letters are
pearls—

It is countersigned NATURE—so, room for
the girls!

An Incident Related of Byron.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

It was getting towards midnight when a party of young noblemen came out from one of the clubs of St. James street. The servant of each, as he stepped upon the pavement, threw up the wooden apron of the cabriolet, and sprang to the head of the horse; but as to the destination of the equipages for the evening, there seemed to be some dissension among the noble masters. Betwixt the line of coroneted vehicles stood a hackney-coach, and a person in an attitude of expectancy pressed as near the exultant group as he could do without exciting immediate attention.

"Which way?" said he whose vehicle was nearest, standing with his foot on the step.

"All together of course," said another, "let's make a night of it."

"Pardon me," said his deep and sweet voice of the last out from the Club; "I secede for one. Go your ways, gentlemen."

"Now what the deuce is afoot?" said the foremost, again stepping back on the sidewalk, "Don't let him off, Fitz! Is your cab here, Byron, or will you let me drive you? By Jove, you shan't leave us."

"But you shall leave me, and so you are not firstborn, my friend. In plain phrase, I won't go with you. And I don't know where I shall go; so spare your curiosity the trouble of asking. I have a presentiment that I am wanted—by devil or angel."

"I see a hand you cannot see."

"And a very pretty hand it is, I dare swear," said the former speaker, jumping into his cab and starting off with a spring of his blood-horse, followed by all the vehicles at the club door, save one.

Byron stood looking after them a moment, and raised his hat and pressed his hand hard on his forehead. "The unknown who had been lurking near, seemed to leave him for a moment, to

his thoughts, or was embarrassed at approaching a stranger. As Byron turned with his halting step to descend the steps, however, he came suddenly to his side.

"My lord," he said, and was silent, as if waiting permission to go on.

"Well," replied Byron, turning to him without the least surprise, and looking closely into his face by the light of the street lamp.

"I came to you with an errand which perhaps—"

"A strange one, I am sure; but I am prepared for it—I have been forewarned of it. What do you require of me? for I am ready."

"This is strange!" exclaimed the man. "Has another messenger, then—"

"None except a spirit—for my heart alone told me I should be wanted at this hour. Speak at once."

"My lord, a dying girl has sent for you!"

"Do I know her?"

"She has never seen you. Will you come at once, and on the way I will explain to you what I can of this singular errand; though indeed, when it is told you, you know all that I comprehend."

They were at the door of the hackney coach, and Byron entered it without further remark.

"Back again!" said the stranger, as the coachman closed the door, "and drive for dear life, for we shall scarce be in time, I fear!"

The heavy tongue of St. Paul's struck 12 as the rolling vehicle hurried on through the lonely street, and though so far from the place whence they started, neither of the two occupants had spoken.

Byron sat with folded arms and bare head in the corner of the coach; and the stranger, with his hat crowded over his eyes, seemed repressing some violent emotion; and it was only when they stopped before a low door in the street close upon the river, that the latter found utterance.

"Is she alive?" he hurriedly asked of a woman who came out at the sound of the carriage wheels.

"She was, a moment since—but be quick!"

Byron followed quickly on the heels of his companion, and passing through a dimly lighted entry to the door of a back room, they entered. A lamp shaded by a curtain of spotless purity threw a faint light upon a bed, upon which lay a girl, watched by a physician and a nurse.

The physician had just removed a small mirror from her lips, and holding it to the light he whispered that she still breathed.

As Byron passed the edge of the curtain, however, the dying girl moved the fingers of her hand lying on the coverlet, and slowly opened on him her languid eyes—eyes of inexpressible depth and lustre. No one had spoken.

"Here he is!" she murmured. "Raise me a moment, while I have time to speak to him!"

Byron looked around the small chamber, trying in vain to break the spell of awe which the scene threw over him. An apparition from the other world, and not the more worldly and scornful utterance of his nature. He stood with his heart beating almost audibly, and his knees trembling beneath him, awaiting what he prophetically felt to be a warning from the very gate of Heaven.

Propped with pillows, and left by her attendants, the dying girl turned her head toward the proud poet and noble stranger, lying by her bedside, and a slight smile overspread her features, which a smile of angelic beauty stole through her lips. In that smile the face re-awakened, the former loveliness, and seldom had he when now gazed breathlessly upon her, looked so such spiritual and incomparable beauty.

"The spacious forehead and the noble contour, still visible, of the emaciated lips, bespoke genius impressed upon a tablet all feminine in its language, and in the motion of her hands, and even in the slight movement of her graceful neck there was something that still breathed of surpassing elegance. It was the shadowy wreck of no ordinary mortal passing away—humble as were the surroundings, and strange as had been his summons to her bed-side."

"And this is Byron!" she said at last, in a voice bewilderingly sweet even thro' its weakness. "My lord! I could not die without seeing you—without relieving my soul of a mission with which it has been long burdened. Come nearer—for I have no time left for ceremony, and I must say what I have to say—and die!"

She hesitated, and as Byron took the thin hand she held to him, she looked steadily upon his noble countenance.

"Beautiful!" she said; "beautiful as the dream of him which has so long haunted me—the intellect and the person of a spirit of light! Pardon me, my lord—Pardon me, that at a moment so important to yourself, the remembrance of an earthly feeling has been betrayed into expression."

She paused a moment, and the bright color that had shot through her cheek and brow faded again, and her countenance became as angelic as her heavenly serenity.

"I am near enough to death," she resumed—"near enough to point you almost

to heaven from where I am; and it is only to leave like the one errand of my life—like the bidding of God—to implore you to prepare for judgment. Oh my lord! with your glorious powers, with your wonderful gifts, do not lose! Do not, for the poor pleasures of a world like this, lose an eternity in which your great mind will outstrip the intelligence of angels. Measure this thought—scan the worth of angelic bliss with the intellect which has ranged so gloriously through the universe; do not, on this one momentous subject of human interest—on this alone be not short-sighted!"

"What shall I do?" suddenly burst from Byron's lips in a tone of agony. But with an effort as if struggling with a death-pang, he again drew up his form and resumed the marble calmness of his countenance.

The dying girl, meantime, seemed to have lost herself in prayer. With her wasted hands clasped on her bosom, and her eyes turned upwards, the slight motion of her lips betrayed to the ear around her that she was pleading at the throne of mercy. The physician crept close to her bedside, but with his hand in his breast, and his head bowed, he seemed but watching for the moment when the soul should take its flight.

She suddenly raised herself on the pillow. Her long brown tresses fell over her shoulders, and a brightness, unnatural and almost fearful, kindled in her eyes.

She seemed endeavoring to speak, and gazed steadfastly at Byron. Slowly, then, and tranquilly, she sank back again upon her pillow, and as her hands fell apart, and her eyelids drooped, she murmured:—"Come to Heaven!" and the stillness of death was in the room. The spirit had fled.

From the Washington Globe.

SHALL THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY
TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY OF
THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATION?

A few Democrats of some pretension (editors and others) are so enamored of the President for what he has denied by his vetoes, or may grant by his commissions, that they seem inclined to make their party take on its back the burden of all the acts of the executive and legislative power, installed by foul means in 1840, to prostrate Democratic principles. Grateful as we are to Mr. Tyler for his vetoes, we are, nevertheless, very unwilling that the Democratic party should feel itself bound to pay for them by the support of measures still more abhorrent than those which the vetoes arrested. If the vetoed charter had passed, we have it on whig authority—both of the President and his two principal Secretaries (Messrs. Webster and Spencer)—that the bank could not have been established for want of capital; that no capitalist would have invested money in it, while looking back on the wreck of the late Bank of the United States, and the inevitable repeal of the charter, which the Democracy proclaimed in advance of the passage of the bank act.

The same fate awaited the vetoed distribution bill. Indeed every vestige of the extraordinary legislation of the extra session would have been exterminated by the decree which, in its new perfect appearance, the nation was prepared to enter into the polls. And it is only for the prevention of the mischiefs which the temporary existence of the measures of the extra session would have brought on the country, that our gratitude is due to Mr. Tyler.

The principle involved in this national bank, branching from the District, with the consent of the States; and that of the land constitution, when the duties did not exceed 25 per cent., as expressly avowed in the vetoes, were so obnoxious to Democrats as those on which the vetoed measures were founded. When the President then presented, in lieu of Mr. Clay's defeated measures, the expensiveness and a tariff, (which Mr. Webster and Mr. Cushing proclaimed to be better measures for their Federal and manufacturing region,) although we might still be thankful for the vetoes, we could not consent to surrender, as a price for those, all the opinions which made the vetoed measures obnoxious, and preclude ourselves from even an attempt at deliverance from them, as we would have done by supporting them, and identifying them with the cause of Democracy.

But this is not the only sacrifice which it seems the Democracy was to make, in compensation for the vetoes. It was expected that it would support Mr. Tyler, Mr. Webster, Mr. Spencer—in a word the whole administration, as organized, without a Democrat in it, to take all the men who surrounded the President, and who had made common cause with whiggery against the Democratic party in 1840, and make them our leaders, and then buckle on our backs all the responsibility which they, as managers of public affairs, might incur, and stand up to fight political battles in their behalf. All this was asked, because, to advance his own views, Mr. Tyler had thought fit to quarrel with Mr. Clay, and to abjure his measures, while he pushed his principles in another direction.

As a part of the responsibility, the attempt is now made, not only by Adminis-

tration, but by some of the Democratic press, to make some distinguished members of the Senate and of the House of Representatives, on orders for the Webster treaty and the Webster tariff. Our effort, from the first, has been to show that not a solitary member of the Democratic party was responsible for either the treaty or the tariff. The last, every body knows, was passed in a whig caucus; and that not the slightest change was permitted to be made in one of its provisions. It was forced by the whig majority upon Congress, in the shape it now bears; and, part of that majority breaking off when brought to final action, some of the Democrats of the Senate and House were compelled to vote for it, while protesting against it, or leave the Government in a state of dissolution, for want of revenue.

The treaty was in the same way pressed upon the Democratic members of the Senate, without any alternative but its adoption or war—war with the man who aided Great Britain to negotiate or new negotiations, under the auspices of the very men who had conceded all that England asked in those just ended. We have labored to defend the Democratic Senators from the responsibility of this measure—condemned by the great body of the country, including both whigs and Democrats. And yet, while thus exonerating every member of our party from the load which the Administration and its organs and ministers, endeavor so unjustly to impose upon them, we find certain Democratic editors and office-seekers insidiously inculcating the idea that we venture to read our friends out of the Democratic party—that we upbraid them! Do we, in frustrating the effort to identify our party leaders with Messrs. Tyler, Webster and Spencer, read them out of the church? Is Mr. Webster the head of the Democratic church? Is his treaty a measure for which the Democratic party is to be made responsible? Is his tariff the test which Democrats must hereafter swear to? Do not the editors and office-seekers who insist upon this, unchurch all the Democrats who voted against those measures—if they even save those who voted for them against their will, and under protest?

From Gough's Journal of Banking.

"CONVERTIBLE PAPER."

It is a point very generally assumed by the friends of the present banking system, and some times tacitly admitted by some of its opponents, that so long as the banks promptly redeem their issue on demand, the amount of currency is the same as it would be if we had only a metallic medium, and that prices are consequently the same as they would be if our money consisted exclusively of gold and silver coin; or, at least, if they ever differ from the scale, it is only in slight degree, and for a short period.

In other words, they assume as a fact that the bank notes which then circulate merely displace an equal amount of gold and silver currency.

It is a very convenient assumption for them, but it is entirely a gratuitous one. Yet it is a position of so much importance that its truth ought not to be taken for granted. It is certainly assuming a great deal, to assume that two kinds of money, so very different from one another as coin and paper will be as good as value. They differ in the cause of their value, and in the nature of their value. The value of the metallic is intrinsic, or inherent in its very nature. The value of the other is ad alitius, being dependent entirely on an opinion that something possessing inherent value can be got in exchange for it.

Paper money is merely the representative of a debt due by the issuer to the holder. Gold and silver may be said to represent the labor and the capital which have been employed in producing them. The quantity of paper money may be suddenly increased or diminished in a large amount. The quantity of gold and silver cannot suddenly be greatly diminished or greatly augmented.

It is, we repeat it, assuming a great deal to take for granted that prices are the same while the currency consists of "convertible paper," as it would be if the currency consisted exclusively of gold and silver money. It is a position which ought to be proved, if it can be proved. But it never yet has been proved. And we defy the friends of the present banking system to prove it.

In 1830, the issues of the banks amounted to 61 millions of dollars; in 1833, to 94 millions; in 1835, to 103 millions; in 1836, to 140 millions and in the beginning of 1837, 149 millions.—During all this time, the banks were paying specie. In the short period of six years, the circulation was more than doubled. Is it possible to conceive that such an augmentation would have taken place if our currency had consisted exclusively of gold and silver? According to Jacobs, the whole quantity of the precious metals in the world is equal to ten thousand million dollars. According to Gallatin, the mines, when most productive, yield about fifty millions a year. The annual supply is to the stock on hand equal to one half per cent. How then would it be possible for gold and silver money to fluctuate as "convertible paper" fluctuates?

Take again the circulation of the banks

in the State of New York, since they resumed specie payments. On the first day of January, 1839, the aggregate circulation was 21,893,150; in 1840, 16,372,402; in 1841, 20,588,128; in 1842, 12,100,000.

In one year we find the currency increasing, at the rate of 22 per cent; and in the next decreasing, at the rate of 40 per cent. Facts like these overthrow the very basis of the theory of "convertible paper."

The notion that the foreign exchanges will regulate such paper so as to give it the stability of a hard money currency, is altogether fallacious. It is necessary, indeed, for the bankers to watch the course of foreign exchanges, as otherwise they would not know when to save themselves by raising the currency.

But experience has shown that there may be a very great inflation of the currency, and a very small rise in foreign exchange.

During the great panic in England in 1835, exchanges were steadily in favor of Great Britain; and during the great expansion which preceded the panic, they were never more than a fraction of one per cent. against London, and in favor of Paris.

At New York and Philadelphia, during the years 1833, 1834, 1835, and 1836, the foreign exchanges were generally in favor of this country, and were at no one time more than one per cent. in favor of London, taking the true par as the basis of the circulation.

These facts show conclusively that there may be an enormous inflation of a "convertible paper" currency, which will evince itself neither by a premium in specie, nor by a permanently high rate of foreign exchanges, but simply by a rise in the price of commodities.

LATEST FROM TEXAS.

By the steam packet Neptune, Capt. Rollins, 50 hours from Galveston, we are in possession of files of papers from Galveston to the 24th, Houston the 26th, and Austin the 19th.

The intelligence is of some interest, commercially and otherwise.

General Somervell does not command the army that has gone to Laredo. He desired to wait until further orders should be received from the President, and the troops became so much dissatisfied, that they requested Col. James R. Cooke of Washington, to take the command. A meeting was held in Camp, and they determined to march the next morning for the Presidio. Col. Cooke, accordingly, led the way with his regiment, and the others followed. General Somervell, although dissatisfied with the movement, reluctantly accompanied them.

When last heard from, they were about seventy miles from Laredo, and were making forced marches to surprise the town. There were only twenty or thirty Mexican troops in the town, and it has probably been captured without the firing of a gun.

Col. Lubbock, and his command are left behind—they being detained on some duty, which before they could finish, caused the army to be nearly seventy miles in advance. Their mules were worn out, and they could not undertake the main body.

The Mexican settlement styled New Bahia, better known as Carlos Ranch, was destroyed a few weeks ago by a party of volunteers from Victoria, under the command of Capt. J. Owen. The Mexican settlers in this place, had frequently manifested hostile feelings towards the American residents near there, and whenever a Mexican party was near there, they became insolent, and often appeared armed. Mexican soldiers were often seen at the settlement, and it is evident they came as spies.

The citizens of Victoria raised a company of 120 men, and gave the inhabitants fair warning of coming punishment, when they incontinently fled to Matamoros, where they made complaints to the Mexican authorities, and requested that a detachment of soldiers might be sent to punish the citizens of Victoria, and to protect the Mexicans on the San Antonio River. The officer in command, informed them that the Mexican government could not at present grant them the protection they required, but he would send a detachment of soldiers with them to retaliate upon the citizens of Victoria the injuries inflicted upon them.

[No fears are entertained of their coming.]

Congress has done little; and that with a bare quorum. It is said the law of July, interfering with Eschequers, will be repealed.

By a statement from the Treasury Department it appears there were not over \$20,000 Eschequer Bills in circulation on the 1st day of this month.

A bill has been introduced to repeal the duties on iron, steel, salt, sugar, coffee, and all kinds of provisions.

Scores, and almost hundreds of petitions have been offered, praying for divorces, and all have been referred to the Committee on the state of the Republic. Mr. Grimes, chairman, says he intends to put them all in one bill, and report favorably. However, a bill introduced, providing that

when any married persons became dissatisfied with their choice, on publication of their intention to dissolve the matrimonial tie for 30 days, the same shall be considered as done.

If this law pass, Texas, may soon be a "singular country," inducing Cupid, at least, to regard it as the Republic of the Lone Star.

Mr. Sparks introduced a resolution to amend the Constitution, so that the President shall be elected for the term of four years and be eligible to re-election; Senators elected for four years; Members of the House two years; and the Congress be held only once in two years.

The motion on the bill to remove the archives which was postponed on the 26th inst., has been reconsidered and the bill laid on the table. There was a bill introduced to give the President command of the Army in person, in case of an invasion.

A bill has been brought forward to so alter the tonnage duty on vessels as to levy the tax only upon the actual measurement of their freight and at the rate of five tons for every three passengers.

Bills have been introduced into the House to enquire into the expediency of passing some law to confiscate the estates of enemies and traitors to the republic; to establish a Sabbath or day of rest throughout the republic. The latter would seem to us to have been established long ago by the Bible.

The President has issued a proclamation revoking the proclamation of his predecessor, whereby the duty on French wines was abolished. The proclamation of General Lamar was not authorized by law, or required by any treaty with France, and was the subject of complaint when first issued.

Maj. Reily, late minister to the United States reached the seat of Government on the 17th inst.

We look for the announcement of the ratification of the treaty between Texas and the United States.

It is highly creditable to Major Reily, that before leaving the United States, he took the precaution to procure a triplicate copy of the treaty, in order to guard against any accident which might befall the duplicate, which was in fact lost on board the steam packet Merchant on her passage to Galveston.

On the 18th, a messenger arrived in Washington from the Waco Village, and brought news that the representatives of twenty-one tribes of Indians had arrived at that village, and were waiting the arrival of commissioners to conclude a treaty of peace.

The steamer Lafitte, with a cargo of 319 bales of cotton, 59 hides, and two bales deer skins, from Brazos for Galveston, went ashore on the 20th on the beach, after having passed San Louis. Previous to that the force of the waves had raised the starboard gunnel, and filled the false side with water.

The Lafitte was only about one year old—was built at Velasco, of the best cedar and live oak, and cost nineteen thousand dollars.—She was owned by Messrs. McKinney & Williams and Captain Hamilton.—Mr. C. Power having an interest of \$1,500 in her. She was not insured.

A SIGN WORTHY OF NOTICE.

At the recent election in Massachusetts, Concord, Lexington, and Charlestown, and Dorchester Heights, gave large majorities in favor of the Democratic candidates.

These places were among the most celebrated battle grounds of the revolution. At Concord and Lexington, the first blood was shed in battle between the British soldiers and American citizens. It was there that was first heard the cry, to arms! It was there the people first left their ploughs and their work-shops, and hastily ran with such arms as were at hand to encounter the hireling myrmidons of British tyranny. It was from thence that the news spread with lightning-like rapidity, to every town and village in the colonies, that blood had been shed—that a victory was won. And Dorchester Heights—Old Bunker's Hill! the very names will forever electrify the heart of every true American—and Charlestown that was wrapped in lurid flames—fired by the British to cover their advancing hosts—while the battle was raging on the heights! Is it not glorious that these places should still be among the foremost in the good cause—Liberty and equality, was the motto of our brave ancestors, so let it still be ours.—They hazarded their lives and fortunes to secure us the enjoyment of free and liberal institutions, and shall we permit them to be wrested from us, or crippled and frittered away, by the insidious attack of money mongers and corporations. These are the modern implements of aristocracy—not less dangerous and obnoxious to true liberty and democracy, than was formerly the tyranny of kings and nobles.

SUCCESSOR TO BISHOP ENGLAND.—It is announced that the Rev. Dr. O'Conner, pastor of the Church of St. Paul's, in Pittsburgh, has been appointed Roman Catholic Bishop of Charleston, in place of Bishop England, deceased.—Charleston Courier.

every way simi-